



Shot in the Dark



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Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

This story begins, as so many before it have, with the murder of my dear father.

I will find out who did this.

I will get revenge.

I will make them pay.

Chapter 2 by Zachary



"Taco" I whisper into my dead fathers ears.

"Taco, burrito, el salvador." His eyes jerk open

"LIVE MAS!" he screams

"Omg daddy you're alive!"

"Of course I am son, I'm actually a cat and have nine lives"

THE END

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Chapter 3 by Zachary

BUT IS IT!!!!

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I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY HE DIED IN THE FIRST PLACE. Was it my aunt Sally who had a history of shooting family members. Was it my uncle Bervert who had a history of stabbing people, or was it the maid????????

I needed answers, and I needed them asap. I run to my local psychic, she tells me that I need to look within. BUT WHAT DOES THE MEAN.

As I'm driving back home I have the sudden realization... Did she mean look within his body? I come home and open the door, eager to know more I pry open my dad's chest. I WHAT DO I FIND! NONE OTHER THEN: (finish it in chapter 4)

Chapter 4 by Brock Thompson



A heart.

THE END

Chapter 5 by Laurel



But it's not all that it seems to be, oh no, this story is far from reaching its inevitable end. The heart is made of steel, pulsating grotesquely as the wires run blue liquid through plastic tubes into my father's body. Whoever killed him must have done this, but who kills someone only to reanimate them as part machine? I don't know what I'm suppose to do at this point. I mean, my father's alive, so what is my purpose? Then I see it, barely noticeable on the bottom of the artificial heart. Numbers. I have a narrow my eyes to made them out. 08/27/18. What is it? Coordinates? Unlikely. Just some random numbers with no meaning? No way. It has to be something, there's always something. Then it hits me. It's a date. August the 27th in the year of 2018. Currently it's August the 20th of the same year. But why is the 27th so significant? What does it have to do with my father and this metal heart? I notice something below the numbers in

boy print. I look at it closely before I am able to read it. boy eyes widen and my panic grows inside me at the words written by

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 6 by dogminder

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What does this mean? My father is alive? My father is alive only of an artificial heart that is fueling his fire of existence? I get to see my father alive, only to lose him again in a week? Wow. Wait. This doesn't make sense? If the man who killed my father brought him back to life with a heart made of steel, why did he kill him in the first place? A heart made of steel. How is this possible? So many questions, not many answers. I feel like I'm living in a Lemony Snicket book! Wait, wait, wait. Hold on. If this heart is making my father live, that means it can't be made of steel. I know right? Crazy. But, hmm, unless. I tap the heart with my finger. It makes a hollow sound. Wait. That doesn't make sense. Hearts are filled with blood, and if this heart isn't filled with anything, that means that whatever blue liquid is flowing into my father's body and keeping him alive, must be coming from something else. Out of the corner of my eye I see a bucket, overturned, I place the heart on the table before me and move toward the bucket. That's when I hear a tick. It's coming from the bucket. A bomb? It's possible. But why would he want to explode his creation? Unless it's a ploy. Hmmm. All the clues that led me here might have been fake so I would die. I ran to my father. Prodding him, I checked for a pulse. None. The heart pulsed still, which meant if it was keeping him alive, my father would have a pulse. I disconnected the heart. I ran to my father, nothing was different. Dead, I think. He's dead. I tried to drag his body out of the room. Then, I remembered the bomb. I threw my father's body over my shoulders and sprinted for the exit. SMASH! BOOM! KA-BAM! I was thrown forward, buried by rubble. Too late.

Chapter 7 by Harriet Jones, MP, Flydale North



My head screamed with pain.

Everything else ached.

There was darkness. I couldn't open my eyes.

I panicked. My arms shot up and felt around me. Nothing but the ground below me. My hands reached my face. There was some sort of tightly-wound bandage wrapped around my head, covering my eyes. I attempted to take it off, but a hand grabbed my wrist.

"Please... don't. You haven't finished the story yet."

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"No. Dad?"

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"Yes?"

"How . . . how did we survive?"

"My heart kept beating . . . kept me alive. The blue liquid gives me super-human strength. I got us out of the rubble and brought us here."

"And where is here?"

"I can't tell you. Not yet. I haven't yet finished my mission."

"What mission?!"

"The mission that required me to have a steel heart and blue 'blood'."

I pushed myself into a sitting position and looked over to the general area where I heard my father's voice. "Can you at least tell me what this mission is, or do I get to be figuratively blind, too?"

Dad didn't say anything for a long time. I wondered if I'd struck a chord somehow, maybe made him feel bad for my injuries or something.

"My mission is to save you."

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